THE

MINE:

DRAMATIC POEM.

424

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TWO HISTORIC ODES.

BY JOHN SARGENT, ESQ.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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424

THE MINE:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

Ευφαμεῖτε δε· χωρεῖτε
Γᾶς ὑπο κευθεσιν ωγυγίοισι.
Æschylus.

Approach!—great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.
Pope.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

PREFACE.

As it is often pleaſing to the Reader to be made acquainted with the accidental origin of a Poem, I ſhall not diſſemble that the following took its riſe from a ſhort paragraph which appeared in the public prints a few years ago. The purport of it was, that a nobleman of great rank at Vienna had been condemned to the mines; and that his wife, a lady of high extraction, and in the bloom of youth and beauty, had taken the deſperate reſolution of ſharing his fate, and of accompanying him to thoſe abodes of wretchedneſs. A

ſimilar circumſtance, I find, is related in ſome letters written by Mr. Everard, an Italian, a tranſlation of which is inſerted in the tenth volume of the Annual Regiſter. They contain an adventure, of which he was witneſs, at the quickſilver mine at Idria in Friuli; and as they expreſs in a natural and lively manner the feelings that muſt ariſe in every humane breaſt upon ſuch an occaſion, I ſhall take the liberty to tranſcribe them.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleaſure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever

doing, in ſome meaſure diſpels my preſent uneaſineſs; an uneaſineſs cauſed at once by the diſagreeable aſpect of every thing round me, and by the more diſagreeable circumſtances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayeſt, moſt agreeable perſons at the court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair ſex. I often heard you repeat his name with eſteem, as one of the few that did honour to the preſent age; as poſſeſſed of generoſity and pity in the higheſt degree; as one who made no other uſe of fortune, but to alleviate the diſtreſſes of mankind. That gentleman, Sir, I wiſh I could ſay is now no more; yet, too unhappily for him, he exiſts, but

in a ſituation more terrible than the moſt gloomy imagination can conceive.

After paſſing through ſeveral parts of the Alps, and having viſited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without viſiting the quickſilver mines at Idria, and ſeeing thoſe dreadful ſubterraneous caverns, where thouſands are condemned to reſide, ſhut out from all hopes of ever ſeeing the cheerful light of the ſun, and obliged to toil out a miſerable life under the whips of imperious taſkmaſters. Imagine to yourſelf an hole in the ſide of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are let in a kind of bucket, more than a hundred fathom, the proſpect growing ſtill more gloomy, yet ſtill widening, as you deſcend. At length,

after ſwinging in terrible ſuſpenſe for ſome time in this precarious ſituation, you at laſt reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which, by its hollow ſound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, ſeems thundering at every ſtep you take. In this gloomy and frightful ſolitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there diſpoſed, ſo as that the wretched inhabitants of theſe manſions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet let me aſſure you, that though they by cuſtom could ſee objects very diſtinctly, by thoſe lights, I could ſcarce diſcern, for ſome time, any thing, not even the perſon who came with me to ſhew me theſe ſcenes of horror.

From this deſcription, I ſuppoſe, you

have but a difagreeable idea of the place; yet let me affure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with its inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never beheld. The blacknefs of their vifages only ferves to cover an horrid palenefs, caufed by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general confift of malefactors condemned for life to this tafk, they are fed at the public expence; but they feldom confume much provifion, as they lofe their appetites in a fhort time, and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid manfion I walked after my guide for fome time, pondering on the ftrange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accofted by a voice

behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the moſt cordial affection. I turned, and ſaw a creature, all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a moſt piteous accent demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't "you know me?" Good God! what was my ſurpriſe, when through the veil of his wretchedneſs I diſcovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti! I flew to him with affection, and, after a tear of condolence, aſked how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a General of the Auſtrian infantry, againſt the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the foreſts of Iſtria, where he was firſt taken, and afterwards ſheltered, by ſome banditti, who

had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known; and several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria: a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who at once I saw to be born for better fortune:

the dreadful ſituation of the place was not able to deſtroy her beauty; and even in this ſcene of wretchedneſs, ſhe ſeemed to have charms to grace the moſt brilliant aſſembly. This Lady was in fact daughter to one of the firſt families of Germany; and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at laſt reſolved to ſhare his miſeries, as ſhe could not relieve them. With him ſhe accordingly deſcended into theſe manſions, from whence few of the living return; and with him ſhe is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, deſpiſing the ſplendors of opulence, and contented with the conſciouſneſs of her own conſtancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

MY laſt to you was expreſſive, and perhaps too much ſo, of the gloomy ſituation of my mind. I own the deplorable ſituation of the worthy man deſcribed in it, was enough to add double ſeverity to the hideous manſion. At preſent, however, I have the happineſs of informing you, that I was ſpectator of the moſt affecting ſcene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my laſt, a perſon came poſt from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater ſhaft: he was ſoon followed by a ſecond, and he by a third. Their firſt enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I happening to overhear the demand, gave them the

beſt information. Two of theſe were the brother and couſin of the Lady; the third was an intimate friend and fellow-ſoldier to the Count: they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and preſented to him his friends; and informed him of the happy change in his circumſtances. It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the joy that brightened in his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young Lady's emotion leſs vivid at ſeeing her friends, and hearing of her huſband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple; nor could I without a tear behold

him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working clothes, to a third his little houfehold utenfils, fuch as were neceffary for him in that fituation. We foon emerged from the mine, when he once again revifited the light of the fun, that he had totally defpaired of ever feeing. A poft-chaife and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna; where, I am fince informed by a letter from himfelf, they are returned. The Emprefs has again taken him into favour; his fortune and rank are reftored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleafing fatisfaction of feeling happinefs with double relifh, as they once knew what it was to be miferable.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

TO this affecting detail of our Italian traveller, I ſhall ſubjoin a picture of the ſame kind, delineated by the hand of an eminent Greek hiſtorian. It is the more deſerving notice, as it contains a curious account of the manner in which the gold mines were worked in the remoteſt ages; and as it may convince us, however we may pride ourſelves upon our advancement in knowledge and refinement, that we ſtill adopt the barbarous practices of unenlightened times, when, in ſpite of the dictates of humanity, and of a pure and benevolent religion, we perſiſt to inflict upon our fellow-creatures a puniſhment ſo much worſe than death *.

* It is but juſt to remark, that ſome of the principal European mines are not converted to theſe tyrannical

"On the confines of Egypt, Arabia, and Ethiopia," ſays Diodorus Siculus, "there is a tract of land abounding with minerals, and particularly with gold, which is extracted with infinite labour and expence. The ſoil, which is hard and black, is interſected with veins of marble of the moſt brilliant whiteneſs and luſtre. In this ſpot the ſuperintendants of the mines employ a great number of workmen to procure the ore; for the kings of Egypt ſend all thoſe perſons to the mines who have been convicted of any crime, as well as the priſoners taken in war, and every one who,

purpoſes. Thoſe in the foreſt of Hartz, which I have viſited with peculiar pleaſure, are regulated by the moſt admirable rules of humanity and ſound policy. A curious and pleaſing account of that very ſingular and induſtrious community may be found in a work of Monſ. de Luc, intitled, "Lettres ſur la Terre," tom. iii. lett. 63 & 64.

being falſely or juſtly accuſed, has incurred their reſentment. Their families are often involved in the ſame fate; and their ſovereign, by theſe means, not only ſatisfies his vengeance, but derives a great advantage from their puniſhment. Theſe unhappy perſons, the number of whom is very conſiderable, have chains faſtened upon their legs, and are condemned to toil day and night without intermiſſion, or any hope of eſcaping from their wretchedneſs: for they have foreign ſoldiers ſet over them, who ſpeak a different language from themſelves, which renders it impoſſible for them to corrupt their guards, either by familiarity or promiſes. When the ſoil which contains the ore is too hard, they ſoften it by fire; after which they apply their manual exertions, and break it in pieces with

iron tools adapted to that purpoſe. A ſkilful perſon ſuperintends the buſineſs, who is acquainted with the veins of the mine, and directs the workmen to them. The ſtrongeſt priſoners are employed to cleave the rocks with ſharp iron mallets; a work which demands only bodily ſtrength, and no ſuperior dexterity. They drive their wedges obliquely, as they are directed by the glimmering of the ore; and as it is often neceſſary to make ſudden turns to follow the veins of the mineral, and becauſe the ſubterraneous cavities in which they work are extremely dark, they have lamps affixed to their foreheads. By varying their poſture as often as their ſituation requires it, they break off the pieces of rock, which fall down at their feet. In this manner they toil inceſſantly, being

compelled by the menaces and the ſtripes of their taſk-maſters. Into the ſmaller cavities of the rock little children are ſent, who extract from thence the minute pieces of ore, and convey them to the mouth of the mine. The men of about thirty years of age have a certain quantity of the mineral given them, which they pound in mortars with iron peſtles, and reduce to the ſize of a grain of millet. The women and old men then receive it, and placing it under grind-ſtones, which are ranged in order for that purpoſe, they diſpoſe of themſelves two or three to each mill, and grind it till they have reduced it to the fineneſs of meal, of which they have a ſample given them. It is impoſſible not to compaſſionate the extreme miſery of theſe wretches, who are not permitted to be-

ſtow any care on their perſons, nor to cover their nakedneſs. No mercy is at any time ſhewn either to the ſick or maimed, to the weakneſs of the female ſex, or the debility of age; but they are compelled by ſtripes to perſevere, till their ſtrength is exhauſted, and they expire with fatigue *. Thus theſe unfortunate people have no hope but in death, and the horrors of their ſituation make them dread the prolongation of

* The ſufferings of thoſe who were condemned to this exquiſite puniſhment, gave occaſion, as Le Clerc conjectures, to the fictions of the ancients reſpecting Hades, or the ſhades below.—According to tradition, he was king of Epirus, in which country, we learn from Strabo, that there were many mines He was eſteemed the God of Riches on this account, and denominated Plutus; and was ſuppoſed alſo to preſide over the dead, becauſe few who entered thoſe ſubterraneous abodes ever returned from them. We find the young man in the Captives of Plautus, who was juſt returned from the ſtone quarries,

life.—The ſuperintendants, who take the ore when it is reduced to a fine powder, finiſh their work in the following manner: They ſpread it upon planks a little inclined, and waſh it copiouſly with water. The earthy particles are thus carried away by the force of the ſtream, while the gold, on account of its weight, is left behind. This operation being frequently repeated, they rub the ore lightly between their hands; after which they dry it with fine ſponges, till all impurity is removed, and the powder is perfectly clean. Other work-

expreſſing himſelf very feelingly on the occaſion:—

Vidi ego multa ſæpe picta quæ Acherunti fierent
Cruciamenta, verum enimvero nulla adæque eſt
Acheruns
Atque ubi ego fui in lapicidinis.—Act. v. ſ. 4.

See Le Clerc's Note to the Theogony of Heſiod, p. 379, Robinſon's edit.

men then take it, and having weighed and meaſured it, put it into earthen pots. A certain proportion of lead is afterwards added to it, with a few grains of ſalt, a little tin, and ſome barley meal. They pour the whole into covered veſſels, exactly luted, which they place in a furnace for five days and nights ſucceſſively: then, having allowed it time to cool, no further mixture of impure matter is found, but the gold is entirely purified, with very little waſte. Such is the manner in which they obtain gold on the confines of Egypt, with immenſe labour. Thus Nature herſelf points out with what great difficulty the acquiſition of this metal is attended; which, when procured, can only be retained by extreme caution and diligence; and

the uſe of which is productive of ſo much delight and ſolicitude*!"

Such is the account of that humane hiſtorian. With reſpect to the following poem, I ſhall only detain the reader by one ſhort reflection.

As the limits of true philoſophy are extended, the writer of every ſpecies of compoſition is entitled to avail himſelf of its

* Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. p. 150. edit. Rhodomani.—It is probable the hiſtorian was an eye-witneſs of what he relates with ſo much minuteneſs, as he took very extenſive journeys to collect materials for his work. The reader who is deſirous of knowing what analogy there is between the ancient manner of working the gold mines, and the proceſs adopted at preſent, may compare the above account with that of Don Antonio de Ulloa, who deſcribes the management of the mines of Caxa, in the province of Quito.—Ulloa, vol. i. p. 450.

diſcoveries, and by deriving new images and ſimilitudes from them, to confer on his work a greater degree of utility and embelliſhment. In an age when the ſtudies of natural hiſtory are proſecuted with peculiar ſucceſs, an attempt to unite poetry and ſcience * may perhaps not be unfavourably received, or at leaſt may be exempted from the charge either of affectation or pedantry. It will occur to the candid, that the imagination, in ſuch caſes, may

* " C'eſt par la Poeſie que l'Hiſtoire Naturelle penetre juſques dans les cabinets de ceux qui ne prennent pas la peine de l'aller chercher dans les champs ou dans les abîmes de la terre. Lorſqu'une image nous a charmé dans un poeme, nous devenons curieux d'en voir la realité, et nous ne l'avons plutot vue que la memoire en conſerve le fidele depot."—See a curious and maſterly Diſſertation of Profeſſor Michaëlis, on the reciprocal Influence of Language and Opinion, p. 84, printed at Bremen, 1762.——An Author of our own nation has

be indulged, without deſerting truth; and that whatever contributes to bring us acquainted with the works of Nature, has a tendency both to enlarge the underſtanding, and to improve the heart.

pointed out, with great ingenuity, the beauties which many eminent poets have derived from this ſource. May it not, however, juſtly excite our ſurpriſe, that a writer of ſo much ſagacity and taſte ſhould have proſcribed any part of the various productions of Nature, by pronouncing "the mineral kingdom to be ſteril, and unaccommodated to deſcription?"—Eſſay on the Poetical Uſe of Natural Hiſtory, by Mr. Aikin, p. 33.

LAVINGTON,
JULY 30, 1784.

PERSONS *of the* DRAMA.

COUNT MAURICE, LEOPOLD,	*Hungarian Noblemen.*
CONRAD, FREDERIC, JULIANA,	*Prifoners in the Mine.*

GNOMES *and* SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

SCENE,

The Quickfilver Mine at IDRIA *.

* The Stage, whenever the Gnomes enter, is to be fuddenly illuminated, but at other times is to be kept as dark as poffible.

THE

M I N E.

COUNT MAURICE, LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE.

OUR ſhort allotted interval of reſt
From yon faint noiſe, I deem, is almoſt ſpent;
For through this ſubterraneous priſon-houſe
The fragrant breath of Heaven hath never blown;
Nor know we the ſweet interchange of day
And balmy night: we to laborious taſks
Ariſe, but thou to liberty and life.

LEOPOLD.

Yet without thee, whoſe generous aid ſuſtain'd
My fainting ſpirit, how ſhall I reviſit
The day-ſpring, how accept the proffer'd boon
Of long-wiſh'd freedom?

COUNT MAURICE.

'Tis three months and more,
Since on this pendent vault, with trembling hand,
I etch'd the ſad memorial of my name,
And on its ſparry architrave began
To chronicle each day of growing woe;
Yet innocence, and Heaven's kind diſpenſation
To the deep ſuffering of my deſperate wrongs,
So reconcile me, that with this hard yoke
I quarrel not, but in my friend's releaſe
A higher argument of comfort find,
Than ſorrow in my endleſs ſervitude.

LEOPOLD.

O wondrous virtue!

COUNT MAURICE.

What a fate was ours!
Auſpicious fortune ſmil'd upon our birth,
Shower'd on our proſperous head each laviſh gift
Of nobleneſs and power, e'en with the bounty
Of a fond parent; then with envious guile,

Like a harſh ſtep-dame, tore her boons away,
Made the meek nature of our Sovereign change
To bittereſt cruelty, and turn'd our merit
Of loyal ſervice to opprobrious guilt.

LEOPOLD.

Was it for this, when faithleſs kings combin'd,
And in her youthful hand the ſceptre ſhook—
When each ſad hour was fruitful with the tidings
Of ſome new loſs—was it for this we ſummon'd
Our vaſſals to the field, brav'd every peril,
And made her boldly face a world in arms?

COUNT MAURICE.

Yes, I remember when in Preſburg's walls
She ſought her brave Hungarians[1]; in her arms
The infant prince ſhe claſp'd, who to her neck
Clung trembling at the dazzling files, and found
Of martial minſtrelſy: "Defend," ſhe cried,
"Your Queen, with foes beſet; her Son protect,
"And ſave the guardian of your laws and realm."

LEOPOLD.

What loyalty, what ardent valour beam'd
In every eye! Yet, the rough conflict past,
Our worthiest deeds were lost, our love misconstrued
To factious pride, and patriot zeal requited
With these disastrous shades and penal chains.

COUNT MAURICE.

Had we o'erleap'd each bound and high restraint
Of sacred duty—against the throne itself
Rais'd traiterous war—what else had we deserv'd
Than to be pent within these dismal tracts
Of darkness and affliction? to behold
Sights of infernal toil and horrid woe?
Our birth and noble natures to forget,
And mixing with a base promiscuous crew,
To share the drudgery of their servile tasks?
But thy glad hour of freedom comes, and half
My sufferings end.

LEOPOLD.

What boots it that the body
Be freed from harsh restraint, if tyrannous grief

Inthrall the mind? I will not, cannot leave thee!

COUNT MAURICE.

Spurn not thy Sovereign's mercy. Wouldſt thou
make
My miſery more perfect?

LEOPOLD.

No, I would dwell
For years contented in this vaporous dungeon,
Delve the thick-ribbed rocks with fervent toil,
And hear the viewleſs winds inceſſant roar,
Impriſon'd like ourſelves within the depths
Of theſe perplexed labyrinths—could I ſhare
Thy woes, and ranſom our remaining age.

COUNT MAURICE.

Go, and may Heaven its own high purpoſes
Ordain! Whate'er my portion, I exult
In thy deliverance: when thou ſhalt inhale
The breezy air, and with a thirſt as keen
As the parch'd Arab feels on Nubia's ſand,

Drink the refrefhing ftream of living light—
Thy foul-felt ecftacy fhall I partake
'Midft this abhorr'd privation. But I'm fummon'd
To ignominious toil.—Farewell for ever! [*Exeunt.*

Enter [2] GNOMES *and* SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

To us our Queen, who in the central earth,
'Midft fiery lavas, on bafaltine feas
Deep-thron'd, the illimitable wafte enjoys,
Enormous folitude! has given thefe
Her fubterraneous realms; bids us dwell here
In the abyfs of darknefs, and exert
Immortal Alchymy; the crifped founts
To cryftallize, and point the gliftening fpar,
Ruby and hyacinth, and precious ore,
Quickening fell Avarice, and obdurate Pride.
Yet want we not fuch pleafures as befit
Celeftial minds: for in this boundlefs gulf,
When man, to whom a doleful prifon it feems,

Would wreak on Innocence some foul revenge,
Her fainting virtue we sustain, and waft
Her agonizing sighs to Mercy's ear.
But see! our Queen approaches.

QUEEN *of the* GNOMES, SUBTERRANEOUS SPIRITS.

QUEEN.

Ye Gnomes, ye puissant Spirits, who delight
To range th' unfathomable depths of night;
Who these stupendous realms undaunted sway,
To whom this cold is heat, this darkness day;
Speed thro' the earthy layers your fluid course,
Loose the soft sand, the marle obstructive force;
Of latent rills the bubbling fount unlock,
And gem with crystal every glistening rock;
Each devious cleft, each secret cell explore,
And from its fissures draw the ductile ore;
Thro' ponderous shades diffuse the golden rays,
And bid th' imperial Lord of Metals blaze [3];

His radiant form inveſt with many a zone [4],
And place the tyrant on Peruvia's throne.
From trickling drops diſtil the ſilvery dew,
Pale as the creſcent's be its virgin hue:
The ſtarry luſtre let Platina ſhare,
While wondering Dian hails her argent pair [5]:
To theſe the deadly grain of Saturn join,
And Cytherea's favourite ore combine [6];
Let each ſoft tint the beauteous maſs pervade,
And vivid lights contraſt with ambient ſhade.
'Midſt flinty crags, on bed of glittering ſpars,
Spread the red Mineral of indignant Mars:
Tho' fierce, he ruſhes to the Magnet's ſide,
And as an ardent bridegroom claſps his bride:
To his dark caves the Naiads lead by ſtealth,
And let Hygeia boaſt her liquid wealth [7].
Quick as thro' night electric eddies gleam,
Or atoms quiver in the ſolar beam,
Make the bright orbs of volant Hermes ſhine,
And every charm reflect from Beauty's ſhrine [8].

Go too, ye miniſters of wrath and pain,
Awake the horrors of our drear domain,
That ſtartling mortals may confeſs your might,
And own the wonders work'd in tenfold night:
In mineral cells the ſecret damp prepare,
Sublime each fume, and fix the poiſonous air;
Of hoary fens exalt the ſtagnant breath,
And load the paſſing gale with plagues and death [9].
Thro' yelling gulfs outrageous whirlwinds urge [10],
Or curl the toſſing pool with fiery ſurge [11];
Bid flaming cataracts round Veſuvius glow,
Bid Hecla thunder thro' incumbent ſnow;
From Cotopaxi's heights the deluge pour,
And melt a thouſand winters' frozen ſtore [12];
Beneath the main expanſive vapours raiſe,
And with metallic embers feed the blaze,
Till the black vortex of the water boils,
And Ocean wonders at his new-form'd iſles [13];
Or riven mountains from their baſe are hurl'd [14],
And elemental wars convulſe the world.

Such be your tasks to day: a chosen band
Within the precincts of this echoing mine
With me remain, to succour a sad pair
Whom the harsh mandate of misjudging rule,
And suborn'd violence, here constrain to dwell.
Now to your works.

The GNOMES *divide and sing.*

Sylphs, no more in haunted groves
Boast your vegetable loves;
Nor the bloom young Zephyrs fling
O'er the vermil cheek of Spring;
Nor the dewy fragrance, born
From the tresses of the morn.
Wheresoe'er our footsteps turn,
Rubies blush, and diamonds burn;
Every grot and silver cave
Streams of milk and amber lave [15];

And our bow'rs ſuch perfumes give,
As mortals cannot taſte and live [16];
From controuling ſeaſons free,
We labour our high alchymy,
Nor borrow from the gariſh day
One beam, to light us on our way;
But beneath the Atlantic flood
Wind our ſubterraneous road:
Our torch the phoſporus, our car
The jacinth, or the emerald ſpar.
Wondrous toils we here purſue,
Never ending, always new;
Blending, in our vaſt retreat,
Moiſt and dry, and cold and heat;
Till our ſkill prolific tries
All Nature's contrarieties.

QUEEN.

No more—from yonder arch ſome mournful ſtep
And plaintive ſighs I hear. 'Tis Juliana;

Guide her, ye faithful Gnomes, left her soft foot
Againſt the ſharp flint preſs: and from her head
Bruſh every noxious vapour. Hark! ſhe ſtrives
To wake the echoes of this loneſome cave:
We will retire and liſten.

Exeunt the GNOMES, *with their* QUEEN.

JULIANA *ſings.*

Ye grots and midnight ſhade,
By toiling miſery vocal made,
Thro' your abhorr'd ſojourn I cheerful rove;
Each ſcene of youth and pleaſure fled,
Tho' to the world my heart be dead,
Still let it live to innocence and love,

JULIANA, FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

How does that ſweet and lenient cadence differ
From the fierce parley and uproar, that rend
Theſe rocks and hideous caverns!

JULIANA.

Now the hour
Of taſk is nigh, and from their flinty pallets
The wretched inmates crawl, with haggard mien
Aduſt, and unſtrung arms unfit to wield
Their maſſy implements: tho' I have look'd
Whole days upon this ſcene of various woe,
Still when the mournful din and murmur ſwell,
It ſtrikes me to the quick.—But ſure I ſee
The hoary priſoner, whoſe conſiderate kindneſs
Has challeng'd my regard; through him perchance
I may reſolve my doubts.—Thou good old man,
Though bow'd with age and toil, who ſtill art cheerful,
Would that the meſſenger of joyful tidings,
Who came laſt night, had ſpoke thy glad releaſe!
Know'ſt thou for whom he brought the happy news?

FREDERIC.

To Leopold he came; but the poor Count,
Though to his friend, they ſay, he bade farewell

With tears of gladneſs and with heart-felt rapture,
Now pines with double anguiſh.

JULIANA.

Where—where is he?
Say, doſt thou ſee him at his wonted ſtation?

FREDERIC.

Scarce can I pierce the air with labouring eye,
Such pitchy darkneſs reigns; yet near yon rock,
Where drops the lingering ſtream, a form I ſee,
That reſts incumbent on a wrenching mattock,
And ſeems entranc'd in melancholy thought.

JULIANA.

Alas! 'tis he. Oh! what a dreadful change
Has that mean garb, and the corroſive air,
Work'd on his youthful form!

FREDERIC.

Thy boſom melts,
As for a friend, with agonizing pity:
Why art thou mov'd ſo deeply?

C

J. Collyer sc.

a form I see,
That rests incumbent on a wrenching mattock,
And seems entranc'd in melancholy thought.

Published as the Act directs by T. Cadell Strand Feb. 1 1788.

JULIANA.

I have heard
The unexampled torments he endur'd,
And the bold ardor of his ſteady ſoul :
When brib'd by his inſidious foes with promiſe
Of pardon and of wealth, would he accuſe
His innocent friend, he ſcorn'd the baſe propoſal,
And nobly choſe with Leopold to ſuffer.

FREDERIC.

And the fair partner of his ſoul, if fame
Report the truth, confirm'd his generous purpoſe;
And, tho' of tranſient bliſs ſhe ſcarce had taſted
A few ſhort moments, tore the bands aſunder,
And to her love and life preferr'd his honour.

JULIANA.

How pure was her affection !

FREDERIC.

The ſad thought
Calls from thine eyes, I ſee, the ſtarting tears,
That ſilent fall beneath thy mantling veil.

Pardon, fair ſtranger, if thy ſorrows move
The curious pity of a wretch, who long
Has known this dread abode: tho' I have toil'd
For many a diſmal year, ne'er have I ſeen
A form like thine, ſo delicate and tender,
That, as an heavenly apparition, glides
Amidſt the ſhades of night. What ſtrange deſign
Of ardent friendſhip, or romantic courage,
Led thee this peſtilential air to breathe?
How couldſt thou ever gain admittance here?

JULIANA.

Vain was each effort; but relenting fortune
Look'd down at laſt, and proſper'd all my wiſhes.
Oft the ſtern guard refus'd, till ſoft intreaties,
And gold well-miniſter'd, bent to my purpoſe
His rugged ſoul.—But ſpare thy kind inquiries:
O queſtion me no more!

FREDERIC.

If fear or anguiſh
Urge thee to hide thy ſad myſterious errand,

Yet deign my friendly counsel to accept;
For little dost thou know what perils dire
Thou must encounter here, 'midst chilling night
And poisonous mineral fumes.—Hark! how the horn,
With shrill notes echoing round the vaulted rocks,
Proclaims the hour of toil. Now to our tasks
We go, with insult driven, and goading stripes.

JULIANA.

Oh worse than burthen'd beasts! they only feel
Immediate pain; while your more suffering minds
'Midst present anguish image past delight,
And all the hopeless future.

FREDERIC.

Ere I leave thee,
Let me unfold my fears, lest aught thou suffer
From bold incontinence.—Last night, when all
Was sunk in deep repose, a youth I heard
Holding licentious converse with his comrade,
Of thy superior charms; which much he boasted,
As having seen by the broad blaze of day:

Perhaps ſome priſoner met thee at the mouth
Of this deep mine?

JULIANA.

Yes, ſuch a one I ſaw,
When firſt I trod the deſolate abyſs;
Stern was his brow, and dark; as on his feet
They bound the cramping chains, he ſmil'd in ſcorn
With more than curious thought he ſeem'd to eye
And meaſure all my form.

FREDERIC.

'Tis he, I doubt not,
Who with uncouth inquiries oft aſſails me
Touching thy mournful beauty.

JULIANA.

I have mark'd him,
Watchful as if intent on ill; but ſure
This gloom will hide me from his diſſolute gaze,
And wanton importuning.—What faint gleam
Streams there, in circles of imperfect light?

FREDERIC.

'Tis but the trail of braided ſparks, that fly[17]
In quick ſucceſſion from the whirling flints
And ſtricken ſteel; for in this noxious chaſm
Such denſe and ſulphurous fumes exhale, as, touch'd
By lighted torch, would inſtant fire the air,
And wrap the cavern in continuous blaze.—
But our imperious maſters call, and chide
My ſhort delay. May Heaven protect thy weakneſs!

JULIANA.

Farewell!—This gleam will guide my dubious ſteps.
See where the livid glare the wretched Count
Diſcovers, wearied out with loathſome toil;
To him more loathſome, from remember'd acts
Of generous power, and days of happieſt love.

[*Exit* FREDERIC.

JULIANA, CONRAD.

CONRAD.

This way I heard the voice: propitious Fortune
Now brings the fair occaſion, which ſo long

My paſſion ſeeks. True, ſhe's of brighter mould
Than the vile tenants of theſe dreary caves,
And in her eye, as on its natural throne,
Sits nobleneſs with melting beauty mix'd:
Like a ſequeſter'd deer, ſhe ſeems to ſhun
The herd of priſoners: yet does her boſom
Heave ſighs moſt languiſhing, and oft I ſee her
Beſtow officious tenderneſs: 'twould make
This drudgery pleaſure, could I ſhare her charms.
O! why then ſhould I doubt it?—Here no bars
Of ſcrupulous pride, no decencies forbid,
Nor plighted vows. I will accoſt and prove her.—
Hail! gentle lady, whoſe ſweet tones have power
To charm away the pangs of fierce deſpair,
And make night beautiful!—Sure ſuch a form,
Faſhion'd with dainty ſkill, was never meant
To breathe the vapours of this ſpongy vault!

JULIANA.

That ſoft addreſs ſpeaks thee too by harſh fate
Condemn'd to unjuſt chaſtiſement.

CONRAD.

My ſorrows
Endear to me the wretched. Shall I to-day
Diſcharge thy deſtin'd taſk of ſervile toil?

JULIANA.

'Twere ill to load thee with another's burthen,
Bearing ſo much, had not my waſting ſtrength
From all laborious works releaſe obtain'd.

CONRAD.

Then give ſome reſpite to thy weary mind,
And woo auſpicious thoughts.

JULIANA.

I fain would do it,
And ever in my prayers remember patience;
For hope of better days attends the good,
And virtue, like the wild-bee, can extract,
E'en from the bitter of adverſity,
Sweet ſolace.

CONRAD.

These grim caves, methinks, sometimes
Forget their horrid nature: I have known them
Blaze with the radiance of ten thousand stars,
Shot from invisible firmaments; while sounds,
Surpassing human sweetness, echoed round
The spangled concave.

JULIANA.

At such glorious visions
I too have marvell'd.

CONRAD.

Why then to delight
Convert we not our suffering, and these crags
To beds of softest down?

JULIANA.

Nay, thou dost wrong
My sorrows.

CONRAD.

Rather say, in that soft form
I read all tenderness and love.

JULIANA.

Such praiſe
On my cold ear is loſt. Leave me, I pray thee.

CONRAD.

Not freedom's ſelf ſhould bribe me; were I offer'd
To view the bleſſed ſun, this gloom to change
For populous city, 'midſt delicious fare,
And maſk or amorous feſtival, to thee
I'd cling, nor heed what 'vantages I loſt,
Gaining thy love.

JULIANA.

That couldſt thou never gain.

CONRAD.

Recall that word.

JULIANA.

Think'ſt thou, that entering here,
We loſe each nice and virtuous faculty;
Or vice alone can breathe the unchaſte air?

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

JULIANA.

What fable hath thy angry fancy coin'd?

CONRAD.

Then, as he ſlept, haſt thou not ſtol'n towards him
And hung, in ſilent gaze, o'er his wan cheek,
That on the chill ſtone reſted?—Of theſe habits
I will adviſe our guardian, who, deceiv'd
By thy fair-ſeeming mien, and gloſſing ſpeech,
A kind enlargement grants, to us denied.
I'll to him now, and thy o'erweening virtue
He ſoon ſhall recompenſe with meet reward.

[*Exit* CONRAD.

JULIANA.

Oh, Fortune! what new ills haſt thou in ſtore?
Wilt thou too, like the rude and pitileſs ſtorm,
While in the daſhing ſurge his pinnace ſinks,
Still beat upon the ſhip-wreck'd mariner?—
Ye mazy caverns, ſcoop'd with endleſs toil
Beneath the ſolid rocks, each under each

Projecting, deeper than the wedging root
Of Jove's own oak e'er pierc'd! what do I not
Forego, to dwell within thy dark abode?
Yet of wealth, birth, and the world's flattering gifts,
It recks me not, while in the steady path
Of friendship and of duteous love I tread:
But of that solace should harsh fate bereave me,
Then welcome woe! All other wrongs, to this,
Would seem but as the puling infant's cry
To the loud peal of heaven.—What odours now
Breathe thro' the winding cavern, and o'erpow'r
My drowsy sense? Upon this shelving crag
I will recline, if chance I may obtain
Oblivious respite of intruding care.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

Enter the QUEEN, *and* ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

O D E.

I.

Hafte, my Gnomes, your ftrains apply,
And her boding griefs deceive;
Vifions of celeftial dye
In the loom of flumber weave:
Raife before her ravifh'd fight
The pageant of eternal night;
And let her fancy-kindled foul attain
The unknown wonders of our boundlefs reign.
Firft, be with plaftic fceptre feen
The barren Petra, giant queen [18];
Thro' her dun realms let racking cataracts found,
And ocean's billowy ftrength her throne furround:
Each fylph, that floats on ether's wing,
The fading tribes of Flora fling
Beneath her fteps, and, brufh'd by hafty fhow'r,
[illegible] every quivering leaf, and fhort-liv'd flow'r.

The triumphs of her reign to ſwell,
'Midſt buſhy wood and duſky dell,
Bid timorous Fauna chaſe her ſylvan bands,
That howl o'er Zembla's ſnow, or Afric's ſands.
Bring orient Onyx for her zone,
Imperial Granite be her throne;
While the rich circle of her crown diſplays
The blooming Agat's light, the Opal's purple blaze[19].

II.

Now the central depths unlock,
Where our mineral Druids bend[20],
Muttering o'er each pregnant rock
Magic ſpells, that never end:
Pluck the ethereal tints, that glow
In the cold-ſtreaming lunar bow;
And o'er the nitrous cavern's icy roof,
In lucid priſms ſuſpend the cryſtal woof.
Command the Phoſphor's kindling ray
To counterfeit the beam of day[21];

While Sapphires bright the living ſhrine attire,
And Adamant that ſcorns the raging fire:
Then wafted from the frozen deep,
In Amber's breathing odour ſteep
Her ſlumbering ſenſe, and o'er her thrilling frame
Shoot the quick glances of electric flame [22]:
Unveil the yawning mountain's ſtore,
Each ſubject and each ſovereign ore [23];
But chief the Solar Lord [24], who dares to wage
High war with elements and devouring age;
Round him exulting Naiads glide,
Proud Hermus rolls his turbid tide;
On ſolid darkneſs his pavilion 's ſpread,
While Andes' trembling cliffs re-bellow o'er his head.

III.

Where the ſanguine corals ſhine,
In a dripping ſea-worn cave,
Let chill Foſſilia recline,
Watching the quick-circling wave [25]:

As her tranſlucent ſhuttles glance,
The teſſellated webs advance;
Till Nature, reſcued by her potent breath,
Exults to periſh, and revives in death.
Her ſplendid Taliſman can give
Each plant and inſect form to live:
Gay birds ſtill flutter, tho' to marble grown,
The deer's proud antlers branch in wrinkled ſtone;
Impearl'd the ſcaly tortoiſe lies,
While the huge elephant ſupplies
His ivory ſpoil; and wreath'd in rocky fold,
The creſted ſnake convolves his maze of gold.
Her wizard pencil let her take,
Dipt in the blue and gelid lake,
And as the filmy, bickering colours flow,
Bid fairy ſcenes and wild creations glow [26],
Various as clouds on evening gale,
That like deep-burthen'd navies ſail,
And labouring o'er the mountain's ſhadowy height,
The foreſt gloom reflect, the torrent's glittering light.

QUEEN.

Enough, my bleſt aſſociates! ſights like theſe
With magic charm can harmonize the throb
Of jealous love, ſubdue forlorn deſpair,
And from his treaſure the fix'd eye divorce
Of wondering Avarice.—Now watch we well
The arts that ſubtle malice may deviſe
To wound unwary innocence; while thus
Wrapt in ſoft folds of ſlumber, and inſpir'd
By heavenly viſions, ſhe ſuſpends her woe.

[*Exeunt the* GNOMES *with their* QUEEN.

JULIANA, COUNT MAURICE.

COUNT MAURICE.

My friend is gone for ever! and in my heart
A void as large has made, as this huge mine
In the earth's centre: yet this dreadful parting,
What is it in the endurance to the thought
Of that o'erwhelming grief, when to the beſt,
The tendereſt of her ſex I bade adieu?

Stothard del. Neagle sculp.

What foot approaches?
W[illegible] art thou, Guardian Spirit? Lead me on
Thro' worlds of waters.

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'Twas then the pang, the agony I felt
Of death itself, and all succeeding sorrows
Lose their comparative force. Yet will I bless
Just Heaven, that with a pitying eye regards me,
And in these haunts of wretchedness and guilt
Still leaves me one associate, whose firm soul
By hopeful innocence calm'd, looks down on pain,
And smiles amidst the ghastly scene.—Ye rocks,
Witness her tender spirit, her mild zeal,
That blunts affliction's edge! Sure she was sent,
Like a descending angel, to support
My fainting strength!—See! from yon crag she bends,
And lifts her drowsy lids, that hang like clouds
Over the brimming ocean, when the sun
First peeps from the blue wave.

JULIANA *(waking.)*

Stay, stay, ye visions
Of light ineffable! Auspicious dreams,
That waft to regions of delight, return
And sooth me into rest!

COUNT MAURICE.

My rough intrufion
Difturbs her foft repofe.

JULIANA.

What foot approaches?
Where art thou, Guardian Spirit? Lead me on
Thro' worlds of waters, o'er the golden beds
Of virgin ore and fapphire fpars, and rocks
Of cluftering diamonds. The bright illufion
Flies like the April rack, and I awake
To fervitude and darknefs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Pardon, Lady,
If my rude tread has broke thy gentle reft.

JULIANA.

Methought my foul o'erleap'd the narrow bounds
Of its dim prifon, and wander'd fancy-borne
In fubterraneous brightnefs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Such bleft vifions
Good angels minifter to fleeping virtue.

JULIANA.

Talk not of trivial joys: a blifs more full
From the pure fount of cordial pity flows,
Than dreams or ineffectual fplendors give.

COUNT MAURICE.

And canft thou then, a poor, afflicted creature!
Root from thy heart the fenfe of crowding forrows,
Long days of hope defer'd, and nights of weeping,
With all the aches and fickening of the foul—
Canft thou forget thy pangs, and on a ftranger
Wafte generous comfort?

JULIANA.

Some are never ftrangers,
But foon as feen the foul, as 'twere by inftinct,
Springs tow'rds them with refiftlefs force, and owns
Congenial fympathy. Can they who doom us
To bear the load of this degrading thraldom,
Enflave the mind, or the free current check
Of heaven-fprung charity?

COUNT MAURICE.

That pow'r they need not,
Who tear us from the world, and all we love.

JULIANA.

Thou ſtrik'ſt the chord to which my ſad heart
vibrates
In piteous harmony. Beyond my ſex
I once was bleſt.—How ſhall I tell of him
Who won my love, and winning ſo deſerv'd it?
For he was all that youthful viſions paint,
Or fancy can pourtray; each look, each action,
His liberal ſoul expreſs'd, that knew no ebb
Of varying kindneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Oh! what dire remembrance
Has thy ſad ſtory wak'd!—'Twas Heaven's high will
And I will teach my ſtruggling heart ſubmiſſion.

JULIANA.

In thee I image him, who was my pride,
My life's beſt joy and treaſure! Why then ſcorn

My willing ſervices, and ſuch ſlight tender
Of duteous care as the fond fancy prompts?

COUNT MAURICE.

Sure from the fellowſhip of ſuffering virtue
Sweet peace and concord ſpring! thy heavenly accents,
Like ſhow'rs ſoft-falling after parching drought,
Refreſh each languid ſenſe: when I behold thee
Environ'd by ſad forms, pent in the gloom
Of theſe abrupt, unorganized chaſms,
'Midſt fierce viciſſitude of heat and cold
And ſublimated vapours, thy meek carriage
Schools me to patience, and exalts my reaſon
All vain degenerate weakneſs to ſubdue,
And form to thine the temper of my ſoul.

JULIANA.

E'en in theſe unſunn'd caverns we'll diſcover
Good unexpected. When thou toil'ſt, I'll cheer
The melancholy taſk: each look I'll watch,
And craving ſigh. Affliction ſhall refine

Faith's brightening flame, and change our earthly pang
To golden certainty of heavenly joy.

COUNT MAURICE.

Aid me with thy pure ſpirit, and our friendſhip,
By ſympathy and virtuous ſorrows knit,
Shall teach us from the wreck of happineſs
To ſave whate'er we can.

JULIANA.

One thought alarms me.
Erewhile, with rude, laſcivious arts, and ſhew
Of wanton violence, a raſh youth aſſail'd me.

COUNT MAURICE.

Villain! who dar'd to violate the ſhrine
By virtue and misfortune ſacred made!
Had I ſurpris'd the wretch, his forfeit life
Had quickly for ſuch ſacrilege aton'd.

JULIANA.

Nay, check thy haſty rage: think what a crew,
Outcaſts and ruthleſs bandits, ſojourn here;

And rather by wiſe caution ſhun, than ſteel
Their deſperate cruelty. Ere he departed,
He mutter'd ſome dark threats, that he'd report
Our loves (for ſo he term'd them—much, I ween,
Unus'd to virtuous friendſhip) to the guard
Of this our priſon. 'Twere well now to retire,
Leſt, ſtung by jealous rage, Conrad return,
And in this ſolitary nook o'ertake us.

[*Exeunt.*

CONRAD.

Thus far has fortune crown'd me with ſucceſs:
In the ſuſpicious ear of him who rules
This dungeon, ſuch quick poiſon have I pour'd,
That to the loweſt depths of this vaſt mine
He dooms Count Maurice, and now bids me bear him
His rigorous command. The lazy vapours
Of thoſe dank caves will rid me of my rival:
Then may I ſurely practiſe on the ear

Of the fair priſoner.—To the Count I'll ſpeed,
And when I've greeted him with my ſtern warrant,
I'll ſeek his beauteous friend, who of her love
Bereft, no more may chance to coy it with me.
[*Exit.*

The ſound of the Miners is heard in various parts, and ſeveral of them croſs the ſtage, ſome with tools, others with maſſes of ſtone and ore; after which, the GNOMES *and their* QUEEN *enter.*

O D E.

I.

Mortals! tho' you toil for ever,
Never ſhall your labours, never
Our eſſential realms unfold [27];
Where, in impenetrable night,
We make conflicting elements unite,
And build eternal ſhrines of Amaranthine gold.

II.

Think not, when our bolts you hear,
We in rage vindictive joy:
Or when surging flames appear,
That we triumph to destroy [28]:
Thro' the reluctant rocks we pour
The living current of each lingering ore,
And with the blaze
Of solar rays
Light in the dark gem all his liquid fire;
That you to virtue may aspire,
To patient industry your pow'rs conform [29],
And withering sloth subdue, and passion's wayward storm.

III.

Our wealth, our boons profuse,
To your admiring hands we give;
The flaming spoil, ye heirs of joy! receive,
And sanctify by virtuous use.
Nor let ingenuous Penury despair:

To her what bounteous gifts we deal by ſtealth!
When each fierce pang we ſooth, and bid her ſhar[e]
Of eaſe the treaſure, and the gems of health [30].
Toil then, ye wondering mortals! and confeſs,
That heaven above was made, and earth below, to ble[ſs]

Enter a party of GNOMES, *returning from their works, and ſinging.*

Now our golden taſks are done,
Hurry, ſpirits! hurry on,
With feſtive revelry to join
Our Sovereign in this ſparkling mine.
Quick as light from heavenly ſphere
We have run our wide career;
With fleet ſtep pac'd our midnight way [31],
And ruſh'd to meet the morning ray;
Beneath the Caſpian we have ſtood,
And croſs'd the Magellanic flood;

In glittering labyrinths have led
The Naiads o'er their rocky bed,
And taught the bright ores, as they rove,
To challenge each his mineral love [32].
Saw ye, wherefoe'er we ftept,
How the confcious Dryads wept,
And perifh'd as we fleeted by?—
Shall they dare with us to vie [35]?
Tho' the oak's gigantic form
Tow'r, and grapple with the ftorm,
Soon it totters in decay,
To the mining worm a prey.
But our adamantine toil
All the rage of Time can foil;
And Death, with univerfal pow'rs,
Submiffive minifters to ours.

QUEEN.

Welcome, bright minifters! whofe gorgeous toils
And alchymy demand eternal praife;
Nor lefs entitle you to fuch high feft

And glorious recreation, as becomes
Tranſcendent ſpirits.—But firſt with us partake
The joy divine that waits us, when from depths
Of whelming miſery we a generous youth
To unexpected liberty ſhall raiſe,
And boundleſs bliſs: for my returning Gnomes
I now behold, who by our kind beheſt,
With ſpeed immortal to his ſovereign borne,
In the rich ſplendor of her blazing ring,
Beryl and flaming chryſolite, have hid
Their glittering eſſence, and with heavenly ſkill
Have ſhot the beams of mercy o'er her ſoul.

[*Exeunt the* GNOMES *with their* QUEEN.

COUNT MAURICE, JULIANA.

JULIANA.

This moment, didſt thou ſay?

COUNT MAURICE.

This very moment:
I read the fell decree, and muſt obey.

JULIANA.

Miſcreant! who in my chaſte ear dar'd to breathe
His baſe, licentious vows; and now on thee
Wreaks barbarous vengeance!

COUNT MAURICE.

We are thrown among
Traitors and murderers. But the inflicted ill
Bears its own cure: the damp infectious air
Will quickly ſet me free.

JULIANA.

That dreadful thought
Weighs down my ſoul with grief! 'Twas I that did it.
Pardon my weak, raſh tenderneſs!—I meant
To have made the loneſome hours of ſore reſtraint
Glide on with briſker ſtep.

COUNT MAURICE.

And for thy friendſhip,
If my big heart permit, I fain would thank thee.

JULIANA.

Is this an hour for parley? No, I'll fly,

Unmaſk the covert wretch who has betray'd us,
And to our regent's eye diſplay the clear
And palpable diſſembling of his falſehood:
He is not of ſo ſtern a caſt, ſo ſteel'd
By his obdurate office, but he'll liſten
To pity and to truth.

COUNT MAURICE.

Reſtrain thy anguiſh,
Nor waſte kind pains on one whom Heaven chaſtiſes–
One from mankind ſelected to endure
A double weight of woe. Now farewell hope!
Farewell thou upper world, and all thou holdeſt!
Dear ſource of vain regret, my loves, my friendſhips
That tie this ſoul to earth!—But I'll be patient.
Ye eyes, forget to weep! Whate'er in future
Dread tortures threaten, be the paſt my refuge:
There thy exalted thoughts, thy acts I'll trace
Of charity and love divine.—O give me
Some portion of thy meek, forbearing ſpirit,
And let me in my memory's deepeſt folds,

Mix'd with each gentle deed, record thy virtues!
If ever we ſhould meet again—

JULIANA.

Ah! where,
Where ſhould we ever meet?—My tender frame
Pines daily to decay; and palſied age
E'en on the threſhold of green youth o'ertakes me[34].

COUNT MAURICE.

One parting pray'r accept: Let me ſtill live
In thy remembrance, tho' I nought deſerve it;
For oft with moody ſilence I've requited
Thy generous ſolace: but inſatiate grief
And loſs of friends almoſt to madneſs urg'd me.
Pardon, ſweet Lady! and may each pitying ſaint
Heal thy ſad ſpirit, and reward thy goodneſs!

JULIANA.

Oh! my poor trembling heart can ne'er ſuſtain
This exquiſite affliction!—But I'll try
What tears, what bribes may do.

[*Exit* JULIANA.

COUNT MAURICE.

Go, thou kind angel!
Go, tho' thy pains be fruitleſs. Hark! I'm ſummon'd.
Welcome, ye deepeſt horrors! I am arm'd
With ſtern deſpair, and can defy you all.

Enter LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE, LEOPOLD.

COUNT MAURICE.

Who's here?—What, Leopold! art thou return'd
To double all my torments?

LEOPOLD.

I am come
To heal theſe agonies, and bear thee back
To liberty and light.

COUNT MAURICE.

Is it then true,
Or all a mocking dream? Tell me!—O ſpeak!—

LEOPOLD.

Thro' the dark mazes of perplexing malice
Thy ſovereign has pierc'd. Scarce had I trod,
With many a weary ſtep, the long aſcent,
And on my aching eyes the day-beam beat,
When the quick meſſenger I met, who bore
The gracious tidings; and a livelier joy
O'erwhelm'd my ſoul, than when they firſt pronounc'd
My own deliverance.

COUNT MAURICE.

My deareſt friend!
Long be our days of happineſs and freedom!
But tell me, Leopold—my wife—how fares ſhe?
In the lone ſilence of ſome hallow'd cloyſter,
Say, has ſhe hid her unexampled woes,
Far from the faithleſs court and world's turmoil?
How brook'd ſhe her ſad ſolitude?

LEOPOLD.

Oh Maurice!—

COUNT MAURICE.

Why that blank pause?—that look?—Yes, in thine
eye
The harrowing tale I read: her suffering 's clos'd.

LEOPOLD.

Trust in all-righteous Heaven.

COUNT MAURICE.

Then lives she yet?

LEOPOLD.

Cherish not sanguine hope, nor yet deplore her
As one thou'rt doom'd ne'er to behold again.
From the dread hour the ministers of force
Divorc'd thee from her, she refus'd all comfort,
And seem'd to feed upon her grief. One morning
In compos'd mood she rose, and made pretence
To taste the sweet air of the neighbouring meads:
But ne'er did she return; nor could thy friends
With anxious, endless search detect her flight.

O111ASAR, N
1796

COUNT MAURICE.

Greet me no more with pardon! leave me here
To delve the rugged rocks, and let me labour
Till toil and extreme miſery releaſe me
From this deep wretchedneſs.'

LEOPOLD.

Think, think of freedom,
Nor mock juſt Heaven with ſuch unmeet deſpair.

COUNT MAURICE.

My firm refuſal of her generous purpoſe
To ſhare the burthen of this torturing yoke,
Diſtracted her weak ſpirit, and 'gainſt herſelf
Arm'd her precipitate grief.—Yet witneſs, Heaven,
How much I lov'd her! In my bittereſt moments,
Her melancholy and unprotected ſtate
O'erwhelm'd me with freſh anguiſh.—To the world
I now return, bereft of every hope,
As one expos'd in a huge wilderneſs,
Who eyes in mute deſpair the hideous void.

LEOPOLD.

Away with this intemperance of grief!

COUNT MAURICE.

Or deeming me, perhaps, for ever lost—
Thought worse than death!—she to another has given
That heart which only I could fill, and pledg'd
Her plighted faith.

JULIANA (*returning, and throwing aside her veil.*)

Never, oh never speak it!
For thee alone she lives! Behold thy true,
Thy faithful Juliana!

COUNT MAURICE.

Gracious spirits!
Ye heavenly powers protect me!

JULIANA.

Here behold her,
Whom love a voluntary slave detains.

COUNT MAURICE.

Do I then see thee, or do earthly goblins
Vex me with vain illusions?

JULIANA.

With feign'd accents
No more I cheat thine ear: turn then towards me,
And bleſs me with one look of wonted fondneſs.

COUNT MAURICE.

Yes, thou art ſhe! and thus my heart unſays
That unkind thought, and claſps thee never more
To part again. Oh! what muſt thou have borne,
Pent in theſe murky cells, 'midſt loathſome vice!
Tell me, why didſt thou hide thyſelf ſo long?
Why from my weeping eyes conceal thy beauty
Beneath theſe dripping weeds and ſervile garb?

JULIANA.

How often have I long'd into thy arms
To ſpring, and tell thee all! but well I knew
Thy generous nature never would conſent
That I ſhould dwell within this baleful dungeon:
Yet other ſpots were as a dreary deſart;
And theſe damp, low-brow'd rocks, cheer'd by thy preſence,
Seem'd ſumptuous palaces.

LEOPOLD.

Transcendent love!

JULIANA.

One happy look of thine o'erpays an age
Of doleful penance.

COUNT MAURICE.

Greatly hast thou suffer'd!
But shades of past misfortune shall set off
Our brighter days. Come, let us now ascend—
For we have much to say, and my glad heart
Swells with such raptures as it ne'er can utter. [*Ex.*

Enter the QUEEN, *and* ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

Come, my triumphant Gnomes, who like the sun
Thro' the vast concave your fleet course have run;
Whose cars, self-rolling, scorn the bounding steed,
While nymphs and fiery salamanders lead;
No more your glittering myriads now employ,
But give my subterraneous realm to joy.
What tho' for us no circling seasons glide,
No springs luxuriant lavish all their pride;

In earth's brute caverns we can wake delight,
And gild with rapture the dark brow of night.
Thro' ſcenes as fair as thoſe above we'll go,
And meet a brighter univerſe below.
See where our vallies wind, our Alps ariſe,
What meteors thwart, what ſuns emblaze the ſkies!
Here foaming cataracts the wild champaign ſhake,
There in diffuſive radiance ſleeps the lake;
Huge caves expand[35], thro' whoſe wide-yawning arch
Embattled hoſts of mightieſt kings can march;
The ſhadowy void deep-brooding darkneſs fills,
And ſmooths her plumage in the dripping rills;
In frowning ſtate ſelf-center'd columns glare,
Abortive echoes flutter in the air;
Their duſky foliage rocks fantaſtic wreath,
And quake, like foreſts, to the blaſts beneath:
Theſe ſcenes each fierce, preſumptuous thought controul,
And rouſe to ecſtaſy the ſlumbering ſoul.
Let Elfin Faies expect the dewy hours,
And their quaint morrice weave in moonlight bow'rs;

Let sportive Nymphs pursue each dancing spring,
And shouting Dryads make the forest ring;
In fields of ether Sylphs exulting trip,
Or in the galaxy their pinions dip:
Our tasks perform'd, sublimer joys abound;
In mute and reverend awe we watch around,
Woo contemplation from the thrones of bliss,
And shew rapt wisdom all the vast abyss.
Nor thrills not dreadful harmony our ear,
When the great deep's careering flood we hear;
Or struggling vapours vollied thunder urge,
And Nature trembles on her utmost verge[36].
Such joys severe, with heavenly musing fraught,
Wake the still energies of virtuous thought,
Teach us the wealth of reason to adore
Beyond each dazzling gem, or barren ore;
And, as we minister at Nature's shrine,
To be in goodness, as in pow'r, divine.

Stothard del. Hall sculp.t

Never, oh never speak it!
For thee alon[e] [I] live[,] [be]hold thy true,
[Thy] faithful Julia[n]a!

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NOTES

ON

THE MINE.

NOTE 1, Page 3.

THE ſpirited and loyal ſupport which the late Empreſs Maria Thereſa received from her Hungarian ſubjects, when ſhe was driven from her capital by her enemies, is well known. Their ſingular exclamation on that occaſion is ſtill remembered: "Moriamur pro rege noſtro Maria Thereſa!"

NOTE 2, Page 6.

That inimitable poem, The Rape of the Lock, has made the ſyſtem of the Roſicruſians, it is

presumed, familiar to every one. Those speculative alchymists revived the old Platonic philosophy; and not only appropriated peculiar spirits to the air and water, but supposed even fire and the deepest recesses of the earth, to have their spiritual inhabitants. Πολλα δαιμονων γενη, και παντοδαπα τας ιδεας και τα σωματα, ως ειναι πληρη μεν τον αερα, τον τε ὑπερθεν ἡμων και τον περι ἡμας, πληρη δε γαιαν και θαλατταν, και τους μυχαιτατως και βυθιους τοπους. (Michael Psellus, p. 41.)—The spirits, who were supposed by the Rosicrusians to inhabit the earth, received from them the name of Gnomes. So congenial is it to the human mind to associate the idea of supernatural agents with darkness and the wonders of the subterraneous world, that such superstitious notions are generally found to prevail among the people who inhabit the mine countries. Those of Idria, in particular, we learn from Keysler, are not exempt from this weakness. "As the

inhabitants of all mine towns have their ſtories of goblins, ſo are the people here ſtrongly poſſeſſed with a notion of ſuch apparitions that haunt the mines. It is ſaid that the miners of Idria have formerly been ſo ſuperſtitious, as to ſet ſome proviſions for the mine ſpirit every day, in order to render him propitious and favourable to them. It is added, that every year they hung up a red ſuit of clothes in one of the paſſages of the mine. This little old man with a great head (for that is the ſhape he generally aſſumes) is ſaid not to ſhew himſelf ſo frequently ſince annual proceſſions have been performed with the Hoſt, and the Monks have conſecrated thoſe places, where he uſed to be moſt miſchievous, with holy water and other ceremonies. However, they ſtill believe that he ſometimes knocks when they are at work in the mines; upon which they immediately leave off, having, as they pretend, often experienced, that, if they

do not immediately lay by their tools out of reſpect to the goblin, but continue to work in oppoſition to him, ſome misfortune or other never fails to happen to them for their preſumption." Keyſler's Travels, vol. iii. p. 377.—To this popular ſuperſtition of the Miners, our great Poet alludes in his Comus:

> "No Goblin or ſwart Fairy of the Mine
> "Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

NOTE 3, Page 7.

Gold, by the chymiſts, is ſtyled Sol et Rex Metallorum, The Sun and Sovereign of Metals. —See the ſecond of Dr. Wall's Diſſertations on Chymiſtry and Medicine, in which he explains how the ſymbols of Aſtronomy were transferred to Alchymy, and why each ſign was appropriated to its reſpective metal.

Note 4, Page 8.

Gold is never found in the ſtate of a true ore, unleſs when, blended with a *large proportion* of other metals. The chief mines of it, it is well known, are in South America.

Note 5, Page 8.

Silver, by the chymiſts, is ſtyled Diana Metallorum. Platina, a new metal lately diſcovered in the gold mines of the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, reſembles it much in colour, though in other reſpects it comes nearer to gold. The Count de Buffon indeed is of opinion, that Platina is not a new metal, but only a natural mixture of gold and iron. See an account of his experiments, Supplement à l' Hiſtoire Naturelle, tom. i. p. 301. —Mr. Kirwan, with more propriety, has arranged it among the metals next to gold.

NOTE 6, Page 8.

Lead and Copper; the one called Saturn, the other Venus, by the chymiſts. The noxious effects of the former have been inveſtigated with ſagacity and preciſion by Sir George Baker, Medic. Tranſ. vol. i. and ii. The ores of the latter are often of the moſt brilliant colours, being variegated like the rainbow or peacock's tail.

NOTE 7, Page 8.

Iron, by the chymiſts, is denominated Mars; and is well known, when infuſed in water, to conſtitute the chalybeate ſprings, applied to ſo many purpoſes of health. The phænomenon of its attraction by the magnet is very familiar, and has been frequently alluded to and deſcribed by the poets. The lines of Claudian on that ſubject are not worthy of him; but the Author of the Poem, Πεϱι Λιθων, which (without the leaſt

ground indeed of reafon or probability) has been imputed to Orpheus, has defcribed the magnet in a beautiful manner. However his tafte might be degraded by the age in which he lived, his imagination was rich and elegant. The conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhit in the following paffage, with a fimplicity that befpeaks its truth, at once corrects the fenfe, and rectifies the metre:

Τολμα δ' αθαναῖους και ενηεϊ μειλισσεσθαι
Μαγνησα· την δ' εξοχ' εφιλατο θουριος Αρης
Ουνεκεν οπποτε κεν πελασοι πολιοιο σιδηρου,
Ηΰτε παρθενικη γλαγοφρονι χερσιν ελουσα
Ηϊθεον στερνω προσπτυσσεται ιμεροεντι,
Ως ηγ' αρπαζουσα ποτι σφετερον δεμας αιει,
Και παλιν ουκ εθελει μεθεμεν πολεμιστα σιδηρον.

Περι Λιθων, ver. 301.—κτλ.

Immortal minds the Magnet can delight,
And Mars exulting owns his potent might;

For when the near approach you bid him feel,
His powers attractive fix the quivering steel:
And as a maid, who first reveals her charms,
Clasps her dear lover in her trembling arms,
To his fond breast he draws, to part no more,
And holds with ardent grasp the martial ore.

NOTE 8, Page 8.

The globules of Mercury divide upon touch into numerous smaller ones; the minutest of which, that can be distinguished by the naked eye, appear perfect specula, reflecting very vividly the images of neighbouring objects.

NOTE 9, Page 9,

The different elastic fluids existing in metals, and other substances, have lately attracted the attention of philosophers; whose discoveries, particularly those of Dr. Priestley, are infinitely curious and important. A general account of

them is to be found in Sir John Pringle's elegant Diſcourſe on that ſubject. Dr. White has, by numerous experiments, demonſtrated how much the effluvia of bogs or marſhes diminiſh the air. He gives a dreadful inſtance indeed of this, in the diabolical revenge of the Arabs; who, when they think themſelves injured by the Turks at Baſſora, break down the banks of the river, and lay all its environs under water. As the water evaporates, the mud and other impurities ſo vitiate the air, as to cauſe a moſt mortal fever in that populous city. This was the caſe when Mr. Ives was there: — of this fever fourteen thouſand ſouls periſhed; and of the Europeans ſettled there, only three eſcaped with life. —A moſt horrid mode of revenge! and a dreadful example of the deadly effects of marſhes and ſtagnant waters in hot climates. — Philoſ. Tranſ. vol. lxviii. p. 194.

NOTE 10, Page 9.

There is a lake in the diſtrict of Boleſlaw, in Bohemia, that contains many gulfs, of a depth which it is impoſſible to fathom; and from whence it frequently happens that ſuch impetuous hurricanes aſcend, as blow over the whole country, and in the winter force away in their paſſage pieces of ice of above a hundred weight.—Act. Lipſ. Anno 1682, p. 246.—Buffon, Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 427.

NOTE 11, Page 9.

Pliny relates that the lake Traſymenus took fire, and burnt for ſome time. — Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 107.

NOTE 12, Page 9.

One of the moſt extraordinary volcanic mountains is Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito: it is three miles perpendicular above the level of the

ſea; and the ſound of one of its eruptions was heard at 150 miles diſtance. In 1742, M. M. Bouger and Condamine were witneſſes of a dreadful inundation, occaſioned by the ſnow on the top of the mountain being melted by the heat of the volcano.—See Voyage par M. M. Bouger & Condamine, pour determiner la Figure de la Terre, p. 68; and Ulloa, vol. i. p. 442.

NOTE 13, Page 9.

Numberleſs are the inſtances of iſlands being formed by ſubterraneous fires.—Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 36, 37.—Buffon, Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 536.—Philoſ. Tranſ. vol. v. p. 197.

NOTE 14, Page 9.

Such accidents in the Andes are not uncommon.—Buffon, Hiſt. Nat. tom. i. p. 550.—This ſpectacle indeed has been recently exhibited in all its terrors.—See a Letter from Sir William

Hamilton to the Royal Society, giving an account of the late earthquake in Calabria and Sicily.

NOTE 15, Page 10.

The ſtreams in the mines are tinged with different ſubſtances: ſome are whitiſh and milky, being impregnated with Lac Lunæ, or the Milk of Silver.—See Dr. Browne's Travels to the Mine Towns in Hungary, p. 57.

NOTE 16, Page 11.

The earth in ſome parts of Arabia, upon being dug, emits odoriferous ſteams.—Diodor. Sicul. lib. ii. p. 132. edit. Rhodomani. Some of the moſt noxious vapours in the mines are alſo attended with a delightful ſmell, reſembling the pea-bloſſom. It generally comes in the ſummer, and obliges the miners to quit their work, to whom it would otherwiſe ſoon prove fatal.—Philoſ. Tranſ. Lowthorpe's Abrid. vol. ii. p. 375.

NOTE 17, Page 19.

The vapours in ſome of the mines prevent the introduction of lighted candles or lamps; in which caſe they have recourſe to the following contrivance:—There is a wheel, the circumference of which is beſet with flints; which ſtriking againſt ſteels placed for that purpoſe at the extremity, a ſtream of fire is produced, which affords a ſufficient light for the operation of the miners.—Goldſmith's Hiſtory of Animated Nature, vol. i. p. 82.

NOTE 18, Page 28.

The *Petræ*, or barren ſtony ſubſtances, according to Linnæus, form the firſt diviſion of the foſſil kingdom. They are produced by the earth of vegetables, the earth of animals, the viſcid ſediment of the ſea, and the precipitation of rain water.—Linnæi Syſtema Naturæ, vol iii. p. 34. ———In this poetical delineation of the foſſil

kingdom, though the Author has followed the ſyſtem of Linnæus, he does not mean to inſinuate any unjuſt preference of that ſyſtem to the more accurate arrangement which is to be met with in the writings of Wallerius, Cronſtedt, and Bergman; and particularly in the ſcientific treatiſe of our own countryman, Mr. Kirwan, on this ſubject.—See Elements of Mineralogy, by Richard Kirwan, Eſquire.

NOTE 19, Page 29.

Theſe ſtones are the moſt valuable that belong to the order of Petræ. The Onyx is a native of the Eaſt. The Opal is deſcribed by Linnæus, reflectione purpuraſcens, refractione ruber, venis violaceis. The beauty of it did not eſcape the author of the poem Περι Λιθων.

Φημι δε τοι τερπειν και Οπαλλιον ουρανιωνας
Αγλαον ιμερτη τερενα χροα παιδος εχοντα.

Ver. 279.

Ye Gods! the Opal ye ſurvey with joy,
Whoſe ſplendor bluſhes like a blooming boy.

In order to obtain a ſtone of this ſort, which was in the poſſeſſion of Nonius, a Roman Senator, and valued at 20,000 ſeſterces, Pliny ſays that Anthony proſcribed him.

NOTE 20, Page 29.

The *Mineræ*, or prolific ſtony ſubſtances, conſtitute the ſecond diviſion of the foſſil kingdom, and are all produced by cryſtallization. Of this claſs are the precious gems and metals.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 81.

NOTE 21, Page 29.

The Muria Phoſphorea of Linnæus, which is found near Bologna and in China.

NOTE 22, Page 30.

The Amber and Succinum Electricum are included in the claſs of Mineræ. The latter is

formed in the Baltic, and is dug out of the ground in Pruſſia and Siberia.—Linnæus obſerves that the electric matter was firſt diſcovered by it: indeed the ſcience in general has received its name from this ſubſtance.—See Prieſtley's Hiſtory of Electricity.

Note 23, Page 30.

The metals are diſtinguiſhed into perfect or imperfect, according to their capacity of reſiſting fire.

Note 24, Page 30.

It has been remarked before, that Gold is ſtyled the Sun or Sovereign of Metals. The river Hermus was indebted for its gold to the Pactolus, which received the golden particles from the mines of mount Tmolus. Celebrated as they formerly were for this quality, by the accounts of Smith, Wheler, and Spon, they are now totally deprived of it.—See Recherches ſur le Pactole, Hiſtoire de l'Academie des Inſcr. tom.

xxi. p. 19.——So great has been the eagerneſs of man to poſſeſs this metal, that, if we can believe an old Greek ſcholiaſt, he has even made minute and contemptible inſects ſubſervient to his avarice. Εςι δε κ̧ ἐν τῇ Ἰνδια τόπος χρυσȣ ψήγματα ἔχων, ὅν ἀνορύτȣσι θηρία τινα μυρμηκες καλȣμενα, πλεροῖς χρώμενα, ἀφ᾽ ὧν ὁι Ινδοὶ μηχαναῖς τισι λαμβανȣσι τον χρυσον.—Sophocles Antigone Scholiaſt, to ver. 1050.

NOTE 25, Page 30.

The *Foſſilia* is the laſt diviſion of the foſſil kingdom, and includes all the petrifactions.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 153.——The proceſs of petrifaction is deſcribed by the Author of the Poem Περι Λιθων, in a manner peculiarly happy:

Αυλη δ᾽εν βενθεσσιν ὑπο φλοισβοιο θαλασσης
Νηχεῖαι, οφρα κυμαῖ᾽ αποπλυσοι αιγιαλονδε
. . . .
Δηρον δ᾽ ȣ μελεπεῖα παγῳ περιπαχνωθεισα

Πεῖρεται, και χερσιν εν οκριοεντα τενσιν
Αμφαφαεις λιθον, ὁ πριν εχων υγρον δεμας ηεν·
Σχημα μεν ου βολανης ετι ὁι μενει, ὁιον εην πες,
Οἱε κλαδοι, ὁσα τε σφιν ακροδρυα προσπεφυασι,
Ἡτε ὁι εϐλαςησε και ετραφη ειν ἁλι ῥιζα·
Φλοιος δ' ὁσπερ εην, φλοιος κεν λαινος εςι.

Ver. 516.

Torn from the caves profound where oceans roar,
And toſt by billows on the jutting ſhore,
His wounded roots the coral to repair,
Dries on the beach, and petrifies in air.
The hardening plant his branching ſhape retains,
On his ſtiff rind diſplays meand'ring veins;
Seems on the rocky margin to have grown,
And ſhines with leaves of vegetable ſtone.

Note 26, Page 31.

The various vegetables, animals, &c. that are found in a petrified ſtate, may be ſeen in Lin-

næus. Some petrifactions, ſuch as the Graptolithus, are remarkable for pictureſque beauty, repreſenting landſcapes with woods and water, or deſolate regions with buildings in ruin.—Linnæi Syſt. Nat. vol. iii. p. 173.

Note 27, Page 40.

A gnat, ſays an ingenious writer, eſſaying the feeble effects of its ſlender proboſcis againſt the hide of an elephant, and attempting thereby to inveſtigate the internal formation of the body of that huge animal, is no unapt repreſentation of man attempting to explore the internal ſtructure of the earth, by digging ſmall holes on its ſurface.—Watſon's Chemical Eſſays, vol. i. p. 184. ——Monſ. de Maupertuis, with the vivacity of his country, but with a ſpirit unbecoming a true philoſopher, propoſed to ſink a ſhaft through the centre of the earth to the antipodes.—In the mean while, our diſcoveries of its interior parts

are very limited. The deepeſt mine at Cotteberg, in Hungary, reaches only three thouſand feet, and bears no proportion to the depth of the globe. This undiſcovered ſpace is filled according to the conjectures of ſpeculative men.—Compare the hypotheſes of Boyle, Whiſton, Burnet, Kircher, and Buffon.

NOTE 28, Page 41.

Such phænomena, though alarming to the ignorant, have ſometimes led to very fortunate diſcoveries. A Wallachian, ſays Baron Born, whoſe name was Armenian John, came to my father, then poſſeſſed of a rich ſilver mine at Cſertes, telling him, that as he conſtantly obſerved a flame iſſuing from, and playing upon a fiſſure in the Nagyag foreſt, he was of opinion that rich ores muſt be hid under ground. My father was fortunately adventurous enough to liſten to this poor man's tale; and accordingly

he drove a gallery in the ground which the Wallachian had pointed out. The work went on ſome years without any ſucceſs, and my father reſolved to give it up: however he made a laſt drift towards the fiſſure, and there he hit the rich black and lamellated gold ores, which firſt were looked upon as iron glimmer, but appeared what really they are, as ſoon as aſſayed by fire. This happy accident cauſed my father to purſue the work to the utmoſt of his power: accordingly he diſtributed ſome ſhares among his friends, and had the works carried on with regularity.—Travels through the Bannat of Temeſwar, by Baron Born, Letter xi. p. 97.

NOTE 29, Page 41.

Notwithſtanding the exaggerated accounts of the Peruvians, which have been expoſed by an able and philoſophic writer, ſo neceſſary are the metals to the happineſs of man, that he cannot exiſt, except in a ſtate of barbariſm, without them.—See Recherches

Philoſophiques ſur les Americains, tom. ii. p. 204.

NOTE 30, Page 42.

The author of the poem Πεϱι Λιθων aſcribes ſome properties to minerals, which, fortunately for mankind, they do not poſſeſs (ſee ver. 312). But though they are void of theſe imaginary qualities, they ſupply us with the moſt active and uſeful medicines; and both the wiſdom and goodneſs of Providence are equally conſpicuous in the final cauſes of the foſſil kingdom.

NOTE 31, Page 42.

The numerous veins in the mines are divided, according to their directions, into *midnight* or *morning veins*; the former running from South to North, the latter from Eaſt to Weſt.—See Mr. J. J. Ferber's Mineralogical Hiſtory of Bohemia, p. 257.

Note 32, Page 43.

Water ſaturated with mineral particles enters the hollows and fiſſures of rocks; and when it evaporates, the minerals unite according to their reſpective affinities.

Note 33, Page 43.

——————— μεγα μεν σθενος επλετο ριζης
Αλλα λιθυ πολυ μειζον· επει μενος αφθιτον αιει
Γεινομενῳ μητηρ και αγηραον εγγυαλιξεν.

Περι Λιθων, ver. 404.

What tho' in air the tree umbrageous ſhoots,
And graſps the ſolid earth with ſtedfaſt roots?
Superior gems his tottering bulk ſurvey,
And blaze unhurt, while ages roll away.

Minerals are known to be peculiarly deſtructive to all vegetable productions.—Mr. Pennant, ſpeaking of the vaſt copper mine in the Iſle of

Anglefey, obferves, " The whole afpect of this tract has by the mineral operations affumed a most favage appearance. Suffocating fumes of the burning heaps of copper arife in all parts, and extend their baneful influence for miles around. In the adjacent parts vegetation is nearly deftroyed; even the moffes and the lichens of the rocks have perifhed; and nothing feems capable of refifting the fumes, but the purple Melic grafs (Aira Cœrulea, Hudfon's Flor. Angl.) which flourifhes in abundance."—Tour into Wales, vol. ii.

NOTE 34, Page 47.

Mr. Bowles and Don Ant. Ulloa have endeavoured to extenuate the evil effects of the mines upon thofe who work in them: but the unwholefomenefs of them in general, and of the quickfilver mines in particular, is eftablifhed by the cleareft proof. It appears by a memorial prefented to

Philip III. in the year 1609, that in every diſtrict of Peru, where the Indians are compelled to labour in the mines, their numbers were reduced to the half, and in ſome places to the third, of what it was in 1581.—Robertſon's Hiſt. of America, vol. iii. note 53.——Dr. Pope, who viſited the mines at Idria in 1664, aſſures us that all the labourers, ſooner or later, become paralytic, and die hectic. He ſaw a man who had not been in the mines for above half a year before, and who was ſo full of mercury, that upon putting a piece of braſs in his mouth, or rubbing it in his fingers, it immediately became white, as if he had rubbed mercury upon it.—Philoſ. Tranſ. Lowthorpe's Abrid. vol. ii. p. 580.

NOTE 35, Page 55.

See the deſcriptions of Oakey Hole, Pen-park Hole, the Grotto of Antiparos, and other ſubterraneous cavities. One of the moſt extraordinary is that mentioned by Œlian, in the country of the

Arrian Indians, who made a practice of plunging a great number of different animals in the horrible chasm, to satisfy their barbarous superstition.— Œliani Var. Hist. lib. xvi. cap. 16.

NOTE 36, Page 56.

On the first of November, 1755, when the great earthquake happened at Lisbon, a violent noise was heard in the mines in Derbyshire; and from the extent of that earthquake, it is conjectured that this subterraneous thunder must have been heard above three thousand miles.—See Whitehurst on the Formation of the Earth, and Mr. Michell's Treatise on Earthquakes.

THE

VISION OF STONEHENGE,

AN ODE:

Occafioned by a tradition that Charles II. paffed the night there in his flight from the battle of Worcefter.—Dryden alludes, in his Epiftle to Dr. Charleton, to this circumftance, in the following lines:

These ruins fhelter'd once his facred head,
When he from Worcefter's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place,
And mighty vifions of the Danifh race.

DRYDEN'S POEMS, vol. ii. p. 154.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

THE

VISION OF STONEHENGE:

AN ODE.

Ταυτ' εμοιγε δειματ' εστ' ιδειν
Υμιν δ' ακȣειν. ÆSCH.

I.

SEE, Worceſter! ſee thy blood-ſtain'd walls;
England, mourn thy warriors ſlain!
In vain their vanquiſh'd ſovereign calls,
No more they riſe again.—
Where'er the mingled banners fly,
Forms of griſly havoc glare,
Shrieks of deathful agony
Shake the earth and rend the air:

With hafty flight, and Heav'n his guide,
He fcours the folitary champaign wide,
Still feems of battle the loud din to hear,
While fteeds and clattering arms re-echo in his ear.

II.

The heavens, as confcious of fuch feuds,
Redden with indignant light;
While terror in the tempeft broods,
And deepens low'ring night:
To the huge plain at length he comes,
Spreading wide to Sarum's fpire;
O'er the pile gigantic roams,
Gleaming with meteorous fire:
Then pillows on the rocky bed
In fore difmay his faint afflicted head;
Portentous vifions fcare his clofing eyes,
And mighty warriors march and Britifh kings arife.

III.

With crown that hangs like vapor pale
Round a dim autumnal ſtar,
Stern Harold[1] bids the monarch hail,
And ſhews his Norman ſcar.—
A victim of the ſylvan fight[2],
Lifts his purple-ſtreaming creſt,
And with more than mortal might
Tears the arrow from his breaſt.
With holy palms from Syria won,
Behold, ſad Eleanor, thy bleeding ſon[3];
With proud Carnarvon's heir[4], whoſe ſorrows ſharp
From echoing Severn ſound and Cambria's midnight harp.

IV.

Behind a form, whoſe haggard eyes
From their fiery ſockets burſt,
Up ſtarts, and ſpeaks with endleſs ſighs
Unconquerable thirſt[5]:

With trembling ftep, but fainted mien,
Martyr'd Lancafter appears [6];
By his fide a Prince is feen [7]
Smiling through his youthful tears:
In wildeft ftorm of paffion toft,
And circled with a dark and fhadowy hoft,
Stalks murderous Richard [8], and new horror flings
O'er the enfanguined crowd of agonizing kings.

V.

In the long rear of royal dead
Gleams his fire's grief-harrow'd face;
O'er his fix'd lineaments is fhed
A pale and penfive grace:
Before him, tho' mad factions bray,
With fond heart and ftedfaft eye,
Dauntlefs Strafford leads the way
Of thundering deftiny:
To a meek faint [9], who fmiles above,
One tear he gives of ineffectual love,

And while her pure ſuperior faith he owns,
Spurns the falſe heart of man and monarchs' crumbling thrones.

VI.

"We too," they cry "a realm could ſway;
"Lo! the ſceptre, lo! the rod:
"We too in perilous diſmay
"The edge of battle trod.
"But not to all doth Heaven allow
"Fate's impetuous tide to ſtem;
"From the haughty monarch's brow
"Falls the beaming diadem:
"Proud potentates are taught to know
"The ſtrong dominion of tranſcendent woe;
"When Juſtice in her deſolating hour
"Subverts the high-built mound and glittering
"arch of pow'r.

VII.

" Arrang'd by Superſtition's hand,
" Mark theſe fragments vaſt and rude,
" Which in dread diſorder ſtand
" To awe the ſolitude:
" This dreary maſs, tho' ſummer ſmile,
" Quickening verdure never decks;
" Circling years the duſky pile
" With deſolation vex:
" So power, by ſhallow craft deſign'd,
" To curb with terrors, not to bleſs mankind,
" In barren grandeur rears its naked form
" To the keen lightning's bolt and Heav'n's aveng-
" ing ſtorm.

VIII.

" Of harſh misfortune's chaſtening pow'r
" Then own the bleſt controul;
" And learn in ſorrow's wholeſome hour
" To harmonize the ſoul [10]:

"For if when Heaven to triumph guide,
"Pleaſure's maddening rites you ſeek,
"And, elate with proſperous pride,
"Scorn the good, and cruſh the meek [11];
"If groveling in each ſenſual aim
"You quench aſpiring virtue's patriot flame,
"Thy baleful ſway what ſcourging woes attend,
"Than exile days more ſad, or e'en thy father's end!

IX.

"To foes a needy ſuppliant fly,
"Thy people's love diſown;
"While ſhame and griping penury
"Beſiege a ſovereign's throne:
"Thy revels o'er, thy pleaſures fled,
"Where's a friend thine eye to cloſe?
"Hateful bigots round thy bed
"Crowd, and break the laſt repoſe:
"No brother's tear is ſeen to flow;
"Thy mangled relics an unſeemly ſhew

" Of funeral pomp the tardy mockery wait[12],
" While humbler mortals sigh, and tremble to be
" great."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

NOTES

ON

THE VISION OF STONEHENGE.

NOTE 1, Page 87.

HAROLD, killed at the battle of Haſtings.

NOTE 2, Page 87.

William Rufus, ſlain by Sir W. Tyrrel in the New Foreſt.

NOTE 3, Page 87.

Richard the Firſt, killed by Gourdon before the caſtle of Chalees, near Limoges.

NOTE 4, Page 87.

Edward the Second, born in the caftle of Carnarvon, dethroned by Ifabella, and killed by order of Mortimer in Berkely caftle.

NOTE 5, Page 87.

Richard the Second, depofed and ftarved to death.

NOTE 6, Page 88.

Henry the Sixth, killed after the battle of Tewkefbury.

NOTE 7, Page 88.

Edward the Fifth, put to death by the Duke of Glo'fter his uncle.

NOTE 8, Page 88.

Richard the Third, killed at the battle o Bofworth.

NOTE 9, Page 88.

See Lord Strafford's ſpeech in the State Trials.

NOTE 10, Page 90.

Veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.

HORAT.

NOTE 11, Page 91.

Alluſions to the exile of Clarendon and the death of Lord Ruſſel.

NOTE 12, Page 92.

See an affecting account of the death of Charles II. in Harris's Life of that prince.

MARY
QUEEN OF SCOTS:

AN ODE.

O tu donna, che vai,
Di gioventute, e di bellezze altera,
E di tua vita il termine non sai!

PETRARCHA, Trionfo della Morte.

ARGUMENT.

The Queen, after paſſing the night in ſight of the coaſt of France, which ſuggeſted to her many pleaſing and melancholy reflections, ſees the Spirit of the Iſles, who comes from the Orkneys ſurrounded by Ghoſts, and announces the unfortunate voyage which ſhe has undertaken. He foretels the ungenerous conduct of Queen Elizabeth, and of her own ſubject and relation the Earl of Murray; declares the cruel reception ſhe is to meet with from the Reformers; but exhorts her no longer to regret the kingdom of France, where ſo many ſcenes of horror are to be exhibited in the civil wars of that people, and the maſſacre of the Hugonots. He proceeds to predict her extravagant affection for Lord Darnley; her ſudden averſion to him; the influence of Rizzio, and the extraordinary end of that unfortunate favourite. Her ſubſequent misfortunes are then opened; the murder of her huſband; the criminal elevation of Bothwell, and his calamitous death. The cataſtrophe of the Queen herſelf is then foretold, and the fate of her poſterity; the peaceful but ignominious government of her ſon; the civil wars which overturned the throne under Charles the Firſt; the ſhort-lived joy of the nation upon the Reſtoration; the abdication of James; the brilliant reigns of Mary and Anne, which were diſquieted, however, by the factions, and embittered by the miſery, of their exiled family; and, laſtly, the extinction of the Houſe of Stuart.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

AN ODE.

I. 1.

"FAREWELL, dear land[1]! thou gallant ſeat
"Of courteſy and ſoft delight;
"Thy pleaſure-breathing plains retreat,
"And ſink for ever from my ſight:
"Ah! happy realms, where late I ſhone
"In ſcepter'd ſtate, in beauty's higheſt noon;
"When Hymen deck'd his youthful bow'rs,
"And fancy, ever-new, awak'd the laughing hours."
Thus mourn'd the Queen, what time to Gallia's coaſt
She heav'd reluctant many a parting ſigh;
And ſaw, 'midſt fears and anxious bodings toſt,
The white cliffs leſſen from her lingering eye:

Through the long night ſhe watch'd the glimmering
ſhore,
And heard, in doleful trance, the ſullen billows roar.

I. 2.

From Orkney's ſtormy ſteep
The Spirit of the Iſles infuriate came,
Round him flaſh'd the arctic flame [2];
His dark cloud ſhadow'd the contentious deep [3]:
Thrice with a whirlwind's ample breath
He blew the pealing trump of death;
While ghoſtly legions, fleeting by,
Swell'd with terrific ſcream his dreary cry:
" Queen of unnumber'd woes! with evil ſtar [4]
" Borne from each long-lov'd, rapturous ſcene away,
" To realms where everlaſting diſcords jar,
" And maddening factions ſpurn thy feeble ſway:
" What plagues are ripening in the womb of fate,
" A Murray's venom'd guile, a Tudor's deadly
" hate [5]!

I. 3.

" Nor dance nor festive air
" Announce thy dawning reign;
" To greet the royal fair [6],
" A blank relentless train
" With funeral visage frown, and scoffs uncouth,
" Mocking the frolic smile of youth [7]:
" No more with weeping eyes
" Thy hymeneal kingdom wail;
" Hark! what anguish loads the gale,
" What mists of carnage cloud the reeking skies [8]!
" See, on his couch, the lion crouch,
" The heir of Conde's ill-starr'd might [9];
" In wild amaze, his eyeballs blaze—
" Deeds of horror scare the night:
" Foul shepherd, in accursed mood
" Thy sleeping fold to smite with murderous rage [10],
" O shield the hoary warrior's helpless age,
" And reverence Montmorenci's blood [11]:

" Blot not with endlefs guilt a nation's fame,
" Nor let long ages curfe the deeds they dare not
" name [12].

II. 1.

" He comes, in beauteous pride array'd,
" The flow'r of Lennox' ancient race [13];
" On his beaming front difplay'd
" High valour and majeftic grace:
" He comes, as when the god of day
" Hears on the eaftern hills his proud fteeds neigh,
" And chides the lagging hours—thine eye
" Avert, nor truft, fond Queen, the treacherous
" fympathy:
" Thy heart, that fwells with love's voluptuous tide,
" Shall mourn the coldnefs of thine altered mate:
" The ftorm of boifterous paffion fhall fubfide,
" And ardent throbs expire in jealous hate:
" Scar'd pleafure flies from thy unhallow'd bed,
" While vengeance ftalks around, and beckons to
" the dead.

II. 2.

" What ſadly-ſoothing ſtrain,
" What mournful melody hath caught mine ear?
" Ah! no more the notes I hear—
" The leſſening cadence dies along the plain:
" Sweet minſtrel, whoſe enchanting art
" In ecſtaſy can lap the heart;
" Why hath thy muſe advent'rous ſtray'd
" From Doria's ſtream and Suſa's warbling ſhade[14]?
" In clattering hawberk clad, thro' night's ſtill
" gloom,
" Stern Ruthven fiercely ſtalks with haggard mien;
" With thundering tone proclaims the victim's
" doom,
" And tears her minion from a doating Queen:
" Thro' the arch'd courts, and ſtoried chambers
" high,
" Loud ſhrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring
" cry.

II. 3.

" Bid the deep tempeſt roar,
" And whelm a baleful crew;
" Proud lord of Inis-tore [15]!
" Be thine, thy guilt to rue—
" Pent in the dungeon's dark and ſtony womb,
" O'er thee be rais'd a living tomb;
" Grim fiends and ſpectres dire
" Hover round thy coward head,
" And ſwart melancholy ſhed
" Her chilling dews that quench th' ethereal fire;
" For lo! yon form, that rides the ſtorm,
" Traitor, 'tis thy murder'd king [16]!
" He joins the hoſts, of monarch ghoſts;
" Of the days of old they ſing—
" With ſounds of loud lament they hail
" His ſanguine ſhade, that fires the miſty air;
" Sublime they float, and o'er the mountains bare
" In majeſty of midnight ſail:

"Down heav'n's broad ſteep deſcend in dread array,
"And in the ſhadowy moon's pale confine melt away.

III. 1.

"Ill-fated Queen! thy ſtar, that ſtood
"On the pure zenith's blazing height,
"Now reddening meets the troubled flood,
"And ſtreams with melancholy light:
"In yonder cloud, the book of Fate,
"Read the long ſufferings of thy captive ſtate;
"There count the groans, whoſe nightly ſound
"Thrills the wide-water'd moat, and caſtle's loneſome
"round:
"Tho' in thy veins rich ſtreams of honour flow,
"Tho' thy proud hand a double ſceptre preſt;
"No genial ties ſuſpend the ruthleſs blow,
"Nor love, nor pity melt a rival's breaſt:
"'Periſh the traitor! periſh!' Shrewſbury cries [17],
"While gentle Melvil [18] veils his ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes.

III. 2.

" Shame to her high-born ſon!
" And thou, Britannia, ſcorn his abject ſway[19]:
" Short gleams of ſplendor fleet away,
" And fell rebellion ſhakes the ſteadfaſt throne.
" Uxorious lord [20], thy woes begin;
" Hear thou the lamentable din
" Of pikes, that ring on Freedom's ſhield,
" While Glory pants along the crimſon field.
" With low'ring ſcowl a tyrant warrior glares [21];
" Before him kings and wither'd hoſts retire;
" His pale lips quiver with ſlow-muttering
" pray'rs,
" His eyeballs gliſten with a comet's fire:
" By his fierce breath the imperious deluge driv'n,
" Rolls o'er the ruin'd throne, nor ſpares the ſhrines
" of heav'n [22]!

III. 3.

" The waves and wild blafts ceafe,
" That tore the black profound;
" In robes of radiant peace,
" Hyperion flames around,
" And heavenly Mufes ftrike each choral ftring [23]:
" Before the young triumphant king,
" Flies Joy and towering Fame;
" But a foul Circeian crew,
" Rufh with blood-ey'd rage to view,
" And hurl to hovering infamy his name.
" What orb now gleams, with angry beams,
" Through the defert tracts of air [24]?
" His courfe half run, the faded fun [25]
" Falls from his refulgent fphere.
" Twin Queens [26] afcend—though victory
" breathes
" Immortal pæans round their free-built throne;
" A father's curfe refounds, a brother's groan,
" And blafts their inaufpicious wreaths:

" No more—in dark futurity I close
" Thy desolated race, and doom of lengthen'd woes."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

NOTES

ON

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Note 1, Page 99.

MARY Queen of Scots was married to Francis the Second, upon whoſe death ſhe returned to her own country, in 1561.—Brantôme gives an affecting account of the regret which ſhe expreſſed on leaving France:—Ainſi donc qu'elle vouloit commencer à ſortir du port; que les rames commençoient à ſe vouloir laiſſer mouiller, elle y vit entrer en pleine mer, & tout à ſa vue, s'enfonçer un navire devant elle, & ſe périr, & la pluſpart des mariniers ſe noyer, pour n'avoir pas bien pris le courant & le

fond; ce qu'elle voyant, s'ecria incontinent: Ha! mon Dieu! quel augure de voyage eſt cecy! Et la galere eſtant ſortie du port, & s'eſtant eſlevé un petit vent frais, on commença, à faire voile & la chiourme ſe repoſer. Elle ſans ſonger à autre action, s'appuye les deux bras ſur la poupe de la galere du coſté du timon, & ſe mit à fondre en groſſes larmes, jettant tousjours ces triſtes paroles: Adieu France, adieu France, les repetant à chaque coup; & luy dura cet exercice dolent près de cinq heures, juſques qu'il commença à faire nuit, & qu'on luy demanda, ſi elle ne ſe vouloit point oſter de-là, & ſouper un peu. Alors redoublant ſes pleurs plus jamais, dit ces mots: c'eſt bien à cette heure, ma chere France, que je vous perds du tout de veue, puiſque la nuit obſcure & jalouſe du contentement de vous voir tant que j'euſſe pû, m'apporte un voile noir devant les yeux, pour me priver d'un tel bien. Adieu donc ma chere France, que je perds du tout de vue: je ne vous verray jamais plus. Elle

voulut ſe coucher ſans avoir mangé & ne voulut deſcendre en bas dans la chambre de la poupe; mais on luy fit dreſſer la traverſe de la galere en-haut de la poupe, & luy dreſſa-t-on-là ſon liɛt: & repoſant un peu, n'oubliant nullement ſes ſoupirs & larmes, elle commanda au timonnier, ſitoſt qu'il ſeroit jour, s'il voyoit & deſcouvroit encore le terrein de France, qu'il eveillaſt & ne craigniſt de l'appeller. A quoy la fortune la favoriſa; car le vent s'eſtant ceſſé, & ayant recours aux rames, on ne fit gueres de chemin cette nuit: ſi bien que le jour paroiſſant, parut encore le terrein de la France: & n'ayant failly le timonnier au commandement qu'elle luy avoit fait, elle ſe leve ſur ſon liɛt, & ſe mit à contempler la France encor, tant qu'elle peut. Mais la galere s'eſloignant, elle s'eloigna ſon contentement & ne vit plus ſon beau terrain. Adonc redoubla encor ſes mots: Adieu la France, cela eſt fait, adieu la France; je peuſe ne vous voir jamais plus.—Brantôme, tom. ii. p. 119.

NOTE 2, Page 100.

It was long thought, in the north of Scotland, that tempeſts were occaſioned by ſpirits, who tranſported themſelves in the whirlwind from one place to another. Theſe apparitions were ſuppoſed to be ſeen by the deer, and other animals; and to this day, when beaſts ſtart, the vulgar imagine that they ſee the ghoſts of the deceaſed.—See Carthon, p. 128.

NOTE 3, Page 100.

Oppoſite to Cape Orcas, the tide runs with re-markable ſtrength, which circumſtance, according to the iſlandic derivation, is ſuppoſed to have given their name to the Orkneys.—See Campbell's Polit. Survey, vol. i. p. 653.

NOTE 4, Page 100.

Malâ ducis avi domum. HOR. Lib. i. Od. 15.

NOTE 5, Page 100.

The Earl of Murray and Queen Elizabeth appear, from the hiſtorical evidence which remains, to have been the principal inſtruments of Mary's unfortunate end.

NOTE 6, Page 101.

The reception which the Queen met with in Scotland was not calculated to alleviate her regret.— Nous allaſmes entrer & prendre terre au Petit-Luc (Petit Leith) ou ſondants les principaux de-là, & de l'Iſlebourg qui n'eſt qu'à une petite lieue de-là, la Reyne y alla à cheval, & ſes dames & ſeigneurs ſur les hacquenées guilledines du pays telles quelles, & harnachées de meſme: donc, ſur tel appareil, la Reyne ſe mit à pleurer, & dire, que c'eſt n'eſtoient pas-là les pompes, les magnificences, ni les ſuperbes montures de la France, dont elle avoit jouy ſi long-temps: mais qu'il falloit prendre patience; & qui pis eſt, le ſoir, ainſi qu'elle ſe vouloit coucher, eſtant

logeè en bas en l'abbaye de l'Islebourg, qui est certes un beau bastiment, & ne tient rien du pays, vindrent sous la fenestre cinq ou six marauts de la ville, luy donner aubade de meschants violons & petit rebecs, dont il n'y en a faute en ce pays-là; & se mirent à chanter pseaumes, tant mal chantez, et si mal accordez, que rien plus. He! quelle musique, & quel repos pour sa nuit!—Brantôme, tom. ii. p. 122.

NOTE 7, Page 101.

Randolph, in a letter to Cecil, September 1561, soon after her arrival in Scotland, shews how harshly the Queen was reproved by the reformers.— Mr. Knox says he spoke on Tuesday to the Queen; he knocked so hard on her heart, that he made her to weep as well for anger as for grief. Upon Sunday, 24 September, 1561, her Grace's chaplains in the Chapel Royal would have sung high mass: the Earl of Argyle and Lord James (i. e.

Murray) ſo diſturbed the Quire, that ſome both prieſts and clerks left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was a great ſport to behold it. Cotton, Lib. Cal. 10, cited in a Hiſtory and Crit. Inquiry into the Evidence produced againſt Mary Queen of Scots, p. 174, note.—In what a piteous ſituation, continues that ingenious advocate, muſt this princeſs have been, ſurrounded with thoſe men, who, on the moment of her arrival among them, could, in her own capital, uſe their Sovereign with ſuch brutality.

Note 8, Page 101.

Had the Queen continued in France, ſhe would have been witneſs to the civil wars of that kingdom, and the maſſacre that took place at Paris in 1572.—"Action exécrable," ſays Pereſixe, "qui n'avoit jamais eu, et n'aura, s'il plait à Dieu, jamais de ſemblable."—See a particular account of it in De Thou, and Les Memoires de Sully, tom. i. p. 43.

NOTE 9, Page 101.

Gaſpard de Coligni, after the death of the Prince of Condé, who was killed in the battle of Jarnac, became the head of the Proteſtant party.

NOTE 10, Page 101.

Charles IX. who fired upon his ſubjects from the Louvre.—J'ai entendu dire au dernier Mareſchal de Teſſè, qu'il avait connu dans ſa jeuneſſe, un vieillard de quatre-vingt ans, lequel avait été page de Charles IX. & lui avait dit pluſieurs fois, qu'il avait chargé lui-même la carabine avec laquelle le roi avait tiré ſur ſes ſujets Proteſtants la nuit de la St. Barthelemi.—Voltaire, Note à l'Henriade.

NOTE 11, Page 101.

Admiral Coligni was deſcended from a ſiſter of the Conſtable Montmorenci.—A curious and circumſtantial account of his death is given by

Davila, but the whole narrative affords a very indifferent ſpecimen of the humanity of that celebrated hiſtorian.——Davila, tom. i. p. 294.

NOTE 12, Page 102.

A deed without a name. MACBETH.

NOTE 13, Page 102.

See the deſcription of Lord Darnly, and the account of Mary's ſudden and exceſſive affection for him, in Dr. Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, vol. i. p. 316, 8vo. edit.

NOTE 14, Page 103.

David Rizzio, whoſe muſical talents and unfortunate end render him an object of pity, was a native of Piedmont. See the deſcription of the manner in which he was ſeized by the Earl of Ruthven, who entered the apartment of the Queen, when ſhe was at ſupper, in complete armour.

Robertſon, Hiſt. Scot. vol. i. p. 358.—See alſo a curious letter from the Earl of Bedford to the Lords of the council of England, giving a particular account of the Death of Rizzio. Appendix, N° xv.

Note 15, Page 104.

The Earl of Bothwell, who engaged the affections of the Queen after the death of Rizzio, was created Duke of Orkney, the old name for which is Inistore.—His proſperity was of ſhort continuance: being driven from his country, he turned pirate; and being ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Norway, was taken and put into priſon there, where he languiſhed ten years, after melancholy and deſpair had deprived him of his ſenſes.—Robertſon, Hiſt. Scot. vol. i. p. 381.

Note 16, Page 104.

There is no room to doubt of Bothwell having been concerned in the murder of the king, what-

ever an ingenious advocate may advance to make the guilt of Mary problematical. See Robertson's Dissertation, in the Appendix to his History of Scotland, and an Inquiry into the Evidence produced against Mary Queen of Scots.—The images of the following lines are taken from the popular notions of the Scots, relative to ghosts and supernatural appearances; which occur in their old ballads, and are repeated, even to satiety, in the poems ascribed to Ossian.

NOTE 17, Page 105.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the lords empowered to see the sentence of the Queen's death put in execution.

NOTE 18, PAGE 105.

Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, whose affliction at taking leave of her, the Queen reproved with a mixture of magnanimity

and kindneſs. After a confinement of eighteen years, Mary Queen of Scots had her head ſevered from her body, in Fotheringay Caſtle, on the 8th of May, 1587. " No man, " ſays Brantome, " ever beheld her perſon without admiration and love, or will read her hiſtory without ſorrow."— The deſcription of her death has exerciſed the eloquence of three maſterly hiſtorians, which a reader of taſte will be pleaſed to compare, and know how to appreciate. See the accounts in Hume, Roberſon, and Stuart, and a copy of a curious letter from the Earls of Shrewſbury and Kent, touching the proceedings with regard to the Scottiſh Queen, to her Majeſty's council.—Appendix to Robertſon's Hiſt. of Scot. p. 110.

NOTE 19, Page 106.

James I. of whom it is quaintly, but truly, obſerved by Nat. Bacon, " that he ſpoke peace abroad, and ſung lulla-by at home: yet, like a dead calm

in a hot ſpring, treaſured up in ſtore ſad diſtempers againſt a back-winter."

NOTE 20, Page 106.

Charles I. whoſe queen Henrietta had a fatal aſcendancy over him.—See Harris's Life of that King.

NOTE 21, Page 106.

Oliver Cromwell.

NOTE 22, Page 106.

The deſtruction of the cathedrals and churches by the puritanical army.

NOTE 23, Page 107.

The reſtoration of Charles II. and the glorious commencement of his reign, which diſappointed the hopes of the nation—

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious entry of our King,
Enriching moiſture dropt on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.

COWLEY.

NOTE 24, Page 107.

Ερημας δι' αἰθερος. PIND.

NOTE 25, Page 107.

The abdication of James II.

NOTE 26, Page 107.

Queen Mary and Queen Ann.

FINIS.

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